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hundred Englishwomen, at a time when stormy thoughts were gathering blackness, is now passing from river to mountain, from valley to valley, and from prairie to prairie, over the American Union : and woman is everywhere entering the lists, sexed with all her attributes, for a crusade against the fell spirit of war. In Worcester, a town containing about 12,000 inhabitants, *one thousand and eighty-six* ladies responded to their English sisters, in an address recently presented to the ladies of old England's Worcester, together with a responsive address from more than 800 of the voters of the former, to the inhabitants of the latter place. "A letter from many ladies of New England to those of Great Britain," written in words of breathing beauty by Mrs. Sigourney, has been added to the messages already sent by the women of this country to those of the fatherland. These Friendly Addresses have made thousands of peace-pleaders among those who watch over the cradle of unfolding infancy, and surround the fireside, and pervade the social circle, with the silent administration of their spirit of gentleness and deeds of love.

E. B.

PEACE.

BY MRS. SIGOURNEY.

PEACE was the song the angels sang
 When Jesus sought this vale of tears;
 And sweet the heavenly prelude rang,
 To calm the watchful shepherds' fears.
 WAR is the word that man hath spoke—
 Convulsed by passions dark and dread;
 And Pride enforced a lawless yoke,
 E'en where the gospel's banner spread.

PEACE was the prayer the Savior breath'd,
 When from our world his steps withdrew;
 The gift he to his friends bequeath'd
 With Calvary and the cross in view.
 Redeemer, with adoring love,
 Our spirits take thy rich bequest,
 The watchword of the host above,
 The passport to their realms of rest.

PARAGRAPHS FOR THE PEOPLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

A WORD TO THE BOYS ABOUT WAR.

Boys, did you ever think that this great world, with all its wealth and woe, with all its mines and mountains, oceans, seas and rivers, with all its shipping, its steamboats, railroads and magnetic telegraphs; with all its millions of darkly groping men, and all the science and progress of ages, will soon be given over into the hands of the *Boys* of the present age? boys like you, assembled in schoolrooms, or playing without them, on both sides of the Atlantic? Believe it; and look abroad upon your inheritance and get ready to enter upon its possession. The Kings, Presidents, Governors, Statesmen, Philosophers, Ministers, Teachers, *Men*, of the future, are all *boys*, whose feet, like yours, cannot reach the floor, when seated on the benches upon which they are learning to master the monosyllables of their respective languages.

Now, then, what are you going to do with your inheritance, when you come of age? Are you going to follow in the footsteps of your forefath-